couldn't look at anything; hurried through the rooms and the big gallery to reach the Chauchard collection. In the big Rubens gallery met Freegrove-Wenzer, of whom I just happened to be thinking. He drags me to his place and shows me his albums and sketches for paintings; but in his library I notice an album by his young friend from Brunswick, illustrations of the most delectable sort of *Les Liaisons dangereuses;*[2] he suggests my taking the album away with me to show it, as I did the drawings by both of them. His friend's studio is in rue des Beaux-Arts; he has the key; he wants to take me there, although the friend is not back yet We go there, but impossible to open the door. On the way (rue de Seine) the window of a small shop attracts us; a Guerin and a Naudin are exhibited in it. We go in; a little woman in a dark dress, very young and attractive-looking, asks me after a moment if I am not M. Gide and tells me that I must have received, the day before, a letter from her husband. I realize that I am at Vildrac's. From this moment on I begin to have *too good* a time; that is, the curiosity of this new amusement makes me forget every other consideration and I begin to act like a madman, Having discovered that Vildrac is at Rouveyre's, who is to give a portrait or a caricature of me to the *Mercure, I* jump into a carriage with my Englishman and give the coachman Rouveyre's address. At Rouveyre's I find Vildrac and his business associate, whom I mistake for Rouveyre; then, my infirmity getting worse, when Rouveyre himself appears I confuse him so completely with the other that I think I have already shaken hands with him. (Impossible to explain this; on occasion now I *cease* to recognize the person with whom I am talking; and this lasts several minutes — enough, in any case, to fill me with a sort of anguish,)

To all three of them I must have seemed mad; I wanted to appear at ease, so that I talked too much and too loud.

Meanwhile Rouveyre kept leaning over on one side as if he had the colic; Vildrac disappeared in his beard; the business associate alone, whom I didn't know, smiled at me with excessive affability; the Englishman effaced himself, or at least remained outside the circle that we formed; he leaned against a mantel and I could no longer understand myself why I had brought him. And no one understood or could give any reason for my sudden visit, flanked by this unknown person. I pretended for a moment to have come to show Rouveyre the drawings for *Les Liaisons dangereuses,* which I was carrying under my arm; and all together we looked at them. Then I took leave of them and departed, leaving them dazed.

When shall I have ahead of me days to be filled only with reading, meditation, and work!

[2] *Dangerous Relations,* the famous eighteenth-century novel by Choderlos de Laclos, which Gide has often praised.